

ΤΕΧΝΗΠΟΛΙΜΟΓΑΜΙΑ

*of Radd.*

O R,

THE MARRIAGE

O F

ARMES and ARTS,

JULY 12. 1651.

Being an Accompt of the Act at  
OXON. to a Friend.

By R. W.

*Robert Whitehall, Stud. of th. Ch.  
afterwards fellow of Merton.*

*Quæ sequitur manca est numero sensuq; Propago.*



L O N D O N,

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in Ivie-lane. 1651.

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Authori Malè feriato quæ  
sequuntur.

**S** Arcinulam hanc quicumque vides, digitoque flagellas,  
Si vis Vulcano mittere, quin & emis?  
Ut cineres volutent, (sursum leue) at anguis in urnâ,  
Qui Te (si Tu nos) sibilet, Ardelio.  
Pone supercilium, leget hac Nemo Hercule? Nemo?  
Cedo aurem; — effectum des, & is eris:  
Si subitos casus vel adhuc damnaveris, audi, —  
Scire Tuum nihil est, dicito scire meum.

\*\*\*\*\*

Τέχνη-πολομαγαμία :

O R,

*The Marriage of Arms and Arts, &c.*

**N**ow ! are ye not all *Infidels* that thought  
The long-expected *Aët* would come to nought?  
As if *Mars* still were *Heathen*, had to doe  
With *Venus*, and not with *Minerva* too :  
As if such termes as these were opposite,  
The *Sword* and th' *Word*, *Atlas* and th' *Stagirite* ;  
Termes meerly Identically, by Grammer Law,  
*Sine Poestatis littera* ;  
So *Ars* and *Mars* by an *Aphæresis*  
Become the very same, (shake hands and kisse ; )  
As if the *Gowne* were aw'd by the *Commander*  
Or *Aristotle* at odds with *Alexander* ;  
As if the Snake about the knowledge Tree  
Still had his *Sting*, still his *Malignity*.  
Arts now and Armes United, their Protector  
Is no fictitious *George*, but Reall *Hector*.  
In him old Authors all doe acquiesce  
(Unlesse *Don Scotus* be againe i'th' presse)  
But *Zanchinus*, *Dan Sennert* : and all the Maps  
May chink within their Chaine nor feare Mishaps ;  
*Euclid* was never in esteeme more high  
Since \* *Romulus* began to fortifie ;  
When he (the Proto-Leveller) had thrown  
(Impregnable !) three mole-hills into one.  
But mitty *Scotus* speaks as far from True  
As *Bonnet* from *Square-caps*, as *Black* from *Blew* ;  
Or *Cafe* from *Fiddle*, as a *Groome* or *Page*  
From high and Mighty *Bojassers* i'th' *Cage*.  
Hee's knotty and obscure, (so fare him well)  
An other speaks more in a syllable ;

\* Luc. Flodi. i.

It

A 2

PA. 37.

v.

It could not sink of late into our thoughts  
*Will: Cartwright* would goe off for 13. groats ;  
Since whom 'twas blaz'd that *Pegasus* was dead  
O'th' staggers, or a *Dyzinesse* i'th' Head,  
But since his hoofe was pick't and par'd; 'tis found,  
He sets his foot more firmly on the ground.

*Judgements* the Traytor, *Phant'sie* is allow'd,  
Shees above all, but never in a Clowd ;  
Or if she be obfuscate, *Phæbus* will  
Enlighten her, and sometimes guide the Quill ;  
But where the Clowd upon the Brow appeares,  
The *Bitten Lipp*, the *blewnesse* of the Eares ;  
*Starting* and gazing *North* in stead of *East*,  
These are the *Characters*, beware the beaft.

But Poets, (poore *May* blossomes) know not how  
To be disloyall, or to knit the Brow ;  
If they offend 'tis on some *pleasing* theames  
(I hope no arrainging *Phant'sie* for her Dreams,)  
They never hold up hands but when they see  
*Lex Talionis*, or some *Prodigie* :  
They have no *Iron-mittens*, socks indeed  
Or *Buskins* they can lend you for a need ;  
But heer's no *Rollo*, no pale *Umbra* —— No,  
Others have had too much of that, and so  
This leads me to the *Aff*, where doth appeare  
A *Jubile* in th' one and fiftieth yeare.

*Roomes* then ; but yet no *Amphitheater*  
(The *Caledonian Bore* may fight elsewhere ; )  
No Captaine *Ossa* with Bull Beare and Horfe,  
Or what may fright the female gender worse :  
No *Melancholly scene* of *Dumppish Love*  
Brought in a *Maze*, or *Cupid* from above :  
No *Porcupine*, no Dancing on the Rope,  
No nipping *Cardinall*, or cramping *Pope* :  
No *Roscins*, no *Taylor* on the stage,  
No *Cane*, nor *Timothy* (to please the Page)

Though

Though none of these, though plays are out of date  
 And *exits* formidable grown of late;  
 Though neither *Mimick* fond, nor *sawr* rough  
 To make the Maddam leave behind her *Muff*;  
 Yet somewhat was presented by the Arts  
 Of higher Nature, and as many \* Parts  
 Besides *Trojani Ludi* and *Florales*,  
 And (to prevent ill luck) \* *Apollinares*;  
 And you'l confesse this Rolling eye so cleare,  
 More spectacles had beene *Pleonasmes* here.

\* *πῆλας*.

*ἱπῆλας*.

*κατάσας*.

*κατάσας*.

\* Liv. li. 5. Dec. 3

Now for a *stand* 5. crownes, — the *Devill* is  
 O're *Lincolne* — Brazen nose is not amisse;  
*Jove's* \* *Phenix*, and our Brother *Phaeton*  
 Forbid too *near* approaches to the Sun.

\* *Semele*.

Break out the worlds bright Eye! see how they muster  
 Like *Autumns* grapes in one entire Ripe Cluster!  
 Their full-fraught Sable Gownes so large and wide  
 Demonstrate they can Sayle 'gainst winde and Tide.  
 Thus *Zephyrus* brings his offering, that the sweat  
 Of either sex added to *July's* heat  
 (Corrected) might such *Atoms* get, such Men,  
 (By *Plato's* rule) as *Oedipus* gen.  
 Wee'l side with him in this, (nor care who know it)  
 So hee'l allow the Common-wealth a Poet.  
 (The Musick-Lecturer if he had put on  
 All his *Platonick Ladies*, they had got one.)  
 Those Vestall Virgins that came up to light  
 Their fire extinct at *Phaebus* ere 'twas night,  
 Here I could break Times hower-glasse that run  
 The day away before it was begun.  
 Some say, *Sol* took fresh horses that could fly,  
 And that he borrow'd two of \* *Edgerly*:  
 When shining in his face, he got's good will,  
 (And then young *Hercules* he call'd him still)  
 And told him if deny'd, he'd make him passe  
 For th'*Sarazan* through a *Multipling-glasse*:  
 And so, by consequence, against his will,  
 Be th' \* *Signe* and *Carrier* too upon *Snow-hill*.

\* The Oxford  
 Carrier.

\* The *Sarazans*  
 beed his Inne.

Help here ye *water-Nymphs*, and give a word  
 With *glosse* enough to set out *Oxen-ford* ;  
 Would I were now i'th' fell with *Timon*, he  
 Once out of *Athens* had his Privacy ;  
 But O the *Dinne* ! now-now that Rampant hum  
 Has put me cleane by an *Exordium* ;  
 Where shall I now begin, or rally up  
 The scattered *nine*, unlesse I had a Cup  
 Of *Helicon* — 'tis so — well thought upon,  
 Ile steal to *Aristotles Well* alone,  
 And find 'um there — hold, Father-- Ile ha'none,  
 — No Suger — keepe the horne to for —  
 — A *Synagogue* here to ! — would I were i'th' *stocks*  
 At *Heddenton*, for here my *Tinder-box*  
 Is not a place secure enough to keepe  
 Its anxious Matter from the vulgar peepe.  
 This Act — (Ile rest my Grandfiers bones i. :  
 Am not distracted into *Drollery*,  
 And know not how to help it) I say this Act  
 Was well perform'd de *Jure* and de *fact* ;  
 No *Muse* affizes here, (*nequam eget*)  
 Hark ! th' Echo prompts the Malefactor, *Leg* .  
 Here's *Munus*, but no *Bustuarii*, (Tricks,  
 O'th' *Romans* that would fight th' condemn'd to *Styx*)  
 By Inspiration of this very place  
 He finds his *Neck-verse*, and an *Act of Grace*.  
*Free* grace (as some will have it) but the wise  
 Allow (though not o'th' *Ropes*) yet *Exercise*.

And such there was i'th' Roman Idiom  
 (Yet *Barklays* style) that all was hush and Mum.  
 And (as 'tis fam'd of *Jupiter*) their Eare  
 Chain'd up to *Terra filius* his Chaire.  
 (Besides some subtle questions *pro* and *con*  
 Encouragement for youth to bring it on)  
*Sarcasmes* fly about, and now they itch  
 Till *Terra filius* give the Chain a Twitch.  
 And then they rayle at *Barkley*, say he gott  
*Philoclea* with chil'd, and was a *Scott*.

Which



Which to define aright (they were so bold)  
 They said he was a lowfe of *nine* yeares old.  
 But this was *Taylor's* talke, (to right our Mother)  
 I mean not *Water-Iohn*, nor yet that other,  
 Not Τεχνητός, but by *Profession*  
 (Of these in each new pocket there was one)  
 These make not \* *Berecynthia's* Wedding-Gowne,  
 Shee'l have the *Make* and *Spinning* of her owne,  
 Not *loose*, as ready still to fall to th' ground,  
 Nor yet o'th' newelt fashion, *pinion'd*;  
 But in the middle way (the *Golden Rule*  
 Of *Mediocrity* is in her Schoole)  
 And yet by one of her seven Sons she hopes  
 To have it lin'd with *Bayes*, and set with *Tropes*.

\* *Ipsa Deum  
 ferrur generrix  
 Berecynthia.  
 Virgil.*

Now *Orpheus Junior* mounts, (begin the Dance)  
 The Ladies *please* themselves into a Trance.  
 To *Cato's* brood he whispers in their eare,  
 That th' *cornfull Lady* is forbidden here,  
 Who with her *queamish* stomach cries----- amisse,  
 Because (forsooth) she would get out ———

It works, it works; which to prevent, while he  
 Division runs, they crosse-legg'd *Lo: La: Mi:*  
 Like *Randall's* meeke \* *Aorgus*——O for him  
 To help me out with matter fill'd to th'brim.  
 Look how the Swallowes, darting to and fro  
 St. *Maries*, imitate the Roman \* *Crow*:  
 And the Suns bright flame-colour'd beames that come  
 Upon the Prophets heads, the \* *Flammenum*.  
 The *Rostrum*, and *Subsellia*, and Men  
 Speak *Marcus Cicero* alive agen:  
 But that the Judges by their smiles portend  
 Here was no *Catiline* that did offend.

\* *A.B.T. i'th'  
 Mules Look-  
 ing-glasse.*

\* *Lucky.*

\* *A yellow veil  
 used in the Ro-  
 man Nuptials.*

Who then forbids the Nuptials of the Nine?  
 Duke *Humphrey* ne'r afforded better Wine:  
 A pittance too of \* *Venison* to th'Sack,  
 Enough to prove us sons of *Isaac*.  
 The Masick-men will sit and nod all night,  
 And keep time with their heads till it be light.

\* *Nepotia.*

Nay

Nay one of them, I heard him tell his fellowes,  
Would play to please us, though upon the Gallies.  
Some say Sir *Thomas Bodly* through a cleft  
Of our old dry Nurse (Earth) lookt up, and left  
This testimony, that if he were sent  
Hither againe, he never would repent.

Who then forbids the Banes? Speak, Shadow, say;  
(And vanish) was it not a glorious day?  
If nothing be objected, right or wrong,  
Wee'l celebrate these Nuptials with a Song.

S O N G.

OFF with thy Gauntlet, *Mars*, and yeeld  
The Bucklers, and resigne thy shield,  
The Muses judged it fite  
Not to deprive thee of thy right,  
But they desire to scowre 'em bright  
That on *Parnassus* sit.

See how the Book expanded lies,  
With *Wisdom* put before our eyes,  
And after-happinesse;  
A Crowne for a reward is set  
In Gold, as th' letters are in Jet  
That never knew the Presse.

Philosophers shall study more  
For th' hidden Stone than heretofore,  
And *Alchemists* blow faster:  
And when poore *Lungs* is worne away,  
'Twill be enough for him to say  
He did it for his Master.

C H O R U S.

Then feare we not those  
With *Rhinoceros* Nose,  
Nor the venomous tooth to bite us;  
Let us dance out the Rusties  
In spite of their Tushes,  
For the Goddesses all will right us.

Then let *Elora* bring Roses,  
To make us all Poses,  
Sing *Talassio*, *Caim*, and *Cuia*;

Let none dare to grin  
Till the Dog-dayes begin,  
Nor yet stamp, for the Muses will pay.

*Juno*, *Diana*, *Suadula*, *Venus*, *Jove*,  
Crowne what is acted here below, above.

T H E E N D.

\*The Univer-  
sity Arms.

\*B. J. his  
Alchemist.



















